

PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)

16

V10

the

Diamond



1962

the

VOLUME

10

Diamond

EDITOR

Pete Madden

Box 190,

Kingston, Ont.

STAFF WRITERS

Bill Hardman

Christmas Messages 2

Trans Canada Travelogue 3

Christmas Near and Far 6

Visions of a Vagabond 8

Christmas 9

Scar Tissue 10

Christmas — Festival of Home 11

Even The Least 12

Looking Back 13

Merry Christmas 17

How Do You Like Your Posters? 20

Profile 22

News Briefs 28

Christmas — A Look At Its Past 30

How To Play 33

Committee Elected 35

Bombers All The Way 36

Letters to the Editor 39

Toronto Correspondent

Lex Schrag

Toronto Globe & Mail

Correspondent At Large

Michael Kelly

Fiction Writer At Large

Clayton Hamlin

Authorized as second

class mail, Post Office

Department, Ottawa,

Canada, 1952.

TO OUR READERS...

ON behalf of the rapidly decreasing Diamond staff I would like to take this opportunity to wish all our outside readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To my fellow inmates I say, "Make the best of it. Your time will come."

Christmas in jail is tragic for jailed and jailer. Both try to chuckle through it. The inmates pretend that they are having a merry old time and the administration pretends that the inmates are not pretending.

Christmas is probably the time of closest understanding between the inmate and the prison officials. For one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five the inmates look upon the officers as human and the officers look upon the inmates as human.

This issue of the Diamond is devoted to Christmas and to all the inmates who must endure another Christmas in confinement.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Once again it is my pleasure to extend to the inmate population, and all the readers of the DIAMOND, the universal greeting common to all Nations. To you and yours I hope the days ahead bring health and success.

F. Smith,
Warden.



CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

It is a hard task to write a meaningful Christmas and New Year Message to men who are imprisoned.

The proper tone to use, I suppose, is one which will help you "catch" the spirit of what the institution is trying to do to help you gain self-control, self-respect, and an understanding of your problems.

Every one, if he tries, can find comfort and cheer and hope in the atmosphere of good will which the beginning of a New Year embodies. It is time to take stock, make plans, and set new goals.

My heartfelt good wishes go to you all for a New Year filled with many satisfactions.

U. Belanger
Deputy Warden.

TRANS-CANADA TRAVELOGUE

"According to the press services," said The Editor, "the Trans-Canada Highway has been opened a couple of times. The British Columbia politicians took first crack at it, and then the Prime Minister opened it all over again."

"The Diamond," he declared, "wants only the most authentic reports. We will not publish hearsay."

"Go." The Editor told his Toronto correspondent, alias the churl of Mortgage Manor, "and see if our national cowpath is, in fact, open and, if so, why. You can pay your own expenses."

Thus, in early September, the churl took off from Toronto for Vancouver with two women in his small, Swedish sedan.

(The fact that he had two dames with him is no tribute to his prowess as a Don Juan. The thing is, he's dumb as a clam when driving, whereas his wife is the chatty type. She invited her girl friend, Clarissa, to go along for the sake of sweet conversation. Clarissa paid her own motel and restaurant bills, not to mention a third of the gas costs, and cheerfully ignored the churl.)

Vital statistics for those Collin's Bay residents who are thinking of a western vacation after they finish their studies: 6,251 miles, 15 days, \$350.

It may be deduced from a glance at these figures that the expedition did not live very high on the hog. This deduction is correct. The churl averaged 500 miles per day while in motion (the women went to the World's Fair in Seattle from Vancouver, and lounged about Vancouver Island for a couple of days). He carefully chose villages devoid of department stores and the more costly forms of entertainment for his nightly stops.

Nevertheless, the party was adequately nourished at all times. (The car did a consistent 35 miles to the gallon, thus reducing the churl's travelling costs.) The churl was delighted to find he could buy a substantial and reasonably well-cooked meal for \$1.50 or less, per customer, anywhere along the highway. He was convinced the roadside restaurants—most of which are to be found in service stations—had improved since he made the same safari two years previously. He mourned, however, a tendency to emulate the beaneries of the United States in frying everything but the ice cream.

Gastronomical highlights of the junket were excellent Chinese meals in Vancouver, clam chowder and crabmeat salad on the Island, Okanagan peaches (to be eaten in a bathing suit) and Italian submarine sandwiches in Sudbury. The churl found much better Oriental chow on the Kingsway in Burnaby than he had on Peter St., the heart of Vancouver's Chinatown. Particularly memorable was an egg roll which had been coated with batter and deep-fried.

His edible loot from the trip included several varieties of canned clams, Okanagan apples and canned smoked salmon.

There was ample motel accommodation along the route, though there were indications the natives have begun to realize the golden opportunity that has been built past their doors. Going, the churl paid \$6.50 for a motel unit in Ignace, Ont. Returning, he was charged \$8.50 for identical accommodation in the same motel. The rooms were, admittedly, nicely furnished, though they were equipped with the smallest bathtubs the churl had ever seen. When he gingerly stepped into one of them, he

found there was no space left for water, let alone the rather complex contortions a well-fleshed male must perform when trying to remove the grime of travel.

When he takes to the roads, the churl is always gloomily confident he is going to have the whey scared out of him at some stage of his journey. This time the blow fell as he was buzzing briskly homeward across eastern Saskatchewan.

Westward bound, the churl's sporty little crate had used not so much as a drop of oil. In Vancouver, he took it to a dealer's garage to ensure that it was completely and properly serviced for the return trip. Trundling along No. 3 Highway in British Columbia, he noted with annoyance that the oil level was dropping. He did not have the wit to have the engine checked at a service station; instead, he merely replaced the lost oil.

Approaching Moosomin, Sask., at 60 miles per hour, the car gave a retching belch and splashed three quarts of costly lubricant along the pavement. It had blown its oil plug. The churl hastily pulled to the shoulder of the road and shut off the motor.

The mishap occurred in close proximity to a small store and filling station. The lady in charge hospitably phoned for a tow truck while the two women and the churl prowled up and down the highway looking for the missing plug.

The churl had visions of spending the rest of his life in Moosomin, waiting for a new plug from Winnipeg, Toronto or even Stockholm. He has nothing against Moosomin. It is a thriving, prairie town with several good service stations and restaurants and an excellent (but costly) motel. It has, however, no scenic beauties, nor any claim to the higher forms of culture.

Though he gave up the search for the vanished drain plug and began computing the least painful solution of their dilemma, the churless showed herself made of sterner stuff. She and Clarissa patrolled both sides of the highway, inch by inch.

At last, the churless emitted a yelp of triumph. She espied the missing plug, coyly nestled in a clump of grass. It was the work of minutes, thereafter, to get the car in working order again. The storekeeper's son, after an amused glance at the churl's vast paunch, crawled under the sedan and firmly seated the plug. He refilled the engine with oil and refused all remuneration save the cost of the oil. With a huge sigh of relief, the churl tore on his way again.

In summary, he reports that the Trans-Canada Highway, though open, is far from completed to specifications. Most of the rough stuff is in North-western Ontario. When the churl traversed the route, construction was still going on north of Sault Ste. Marie and on either side of Dryden.

Outside the cities, the prairie sections of the road were magnificent. There was a splendid bypass (65 miles per hour) around Regina, but the character who chose the route through Win-

nipeg must have hated motorists. What had been a satisfactory bypass, two years ago, at Calgary had been smothered by the city's growth.

In British Columbia, the only breathtaking detour was around the new Fraser Canyon bridge. (Aside from the actual Trans-Canada route, the churl ran into 10 miles of villainous gravel in the reconstruction of the highway from Lake Louise to Jasper. He also found himself winding around unfamiliar mountain trails in a brisk blizzard. He was compelled to admit, however, when he had lured his heart down out of his throat, that snow-covered mountains were even more impressive than raw ones.)

To the churl, the best moment of the journey was when he swung into the drive of his estate on Skid Blvd. and found that, contrary to his expectations, his humble hovel had not burned to the ground during his absence.

The churless expressed herself content with the trip, though she would have liked to have stayed a week or so longer in Vancouver. Clarissa was satisfied on all counts, and so was the Pound of Flesh Finance and Foreclosure Corp. when the churl repaid the funds he had borrowed for his vacation.

If a man sets out to hate all the miserable creatures he meets, he will not have much energy left for anything else; Whereas he can despise them, one and all, with the greatest ease.

Schopenhauer

Christmas Near And Far

Canadian Christmas, like its brother across the border, is mostly borrowed. The accent here is mostly on the Christmas tree, but we string coloured lights and candles, hang wreaths in the windows or upon the doors, tack the stockings upon the mantle or over the fireplace. Our Christmas also consists of a mixture of solemn, joyous, and humorous songs, boisterous celebrations, midnight masses, holly, ivy, and mistletoe, and an accent on special festive foods. These things have become our image of Christmas and, although not indigenous to Canada, they are irrevocably ours. They have been moulded into custom, possibly even ritual. We observe them and cherish them.

We all know how Christmas is celebrated in Canada, but what of the rest of the world? Hark!



BELGIUM: In this country, the children leave tidbits and oats in their wooden shoes. They are meant for Santa's reindeer. They hang up their stockings before going to bed. In the morning, the oats and tidbits have mysteriously disappeared from the shoes, replaced by candy and toys.

BRAZIL: In Brazil, the Christmas fiesta season is solemnly heralded by an open air mass at midnight on Christmas Eve.

BULGARIA: With the appearance of the first star on Christmas Eve, a two week's fast is broken. A large round cake called Kravai, decorated with the figures of a bird, flowers, and a cross, is lighted by a candle. Incense is burned and prayers are offered before the husband and wife break a good luck piece from the cake.

CHINA: Before church on Christmas Eve, the people dress in their most colourful costumes, carry their finest lanterns and parade up and down the streets singing Christmas carols to the accompaniment of a mandolin. The singing ceases upon a burst of fire-crackers announcing midnight, and the people flock to the church.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: In this country Christmas means the ending of all quarrels and the beginning of a new year among friends. It is the custom to visit all friends and enemies and forgive any misunderstandings that arose during the year.

DENMARK: The centre of a Danish Christmas is 'Jul-Nisse', the benevolent little man in the attic. Seen by no one but the family cat, this little man is responsible for many mysterious happenings in the house. Before going to bed on Christmas Eve, the Danish children climb the attic stairs and place a bowl of porridge and a pitcher of milk before the door. The food always disappears during the night.

FINLAND: The Fins decorate their ceilings with paper suggestive of heaven. The glow of the firelight and

the Christmas tree candles produce a mysterious effect. Straw is piled on the floor and, reminiscent of the Christ Child, the children sleep on a manger-like bed.

FRANCE: In French homes a miniature manger called 'creche' is arranged by the children and placed in the living room. Prayers are said about it.

A giant wicker figure, "Melchior", named after one of the three magi, has a basket on his back and, dressed in fairyland garb, is attached to a donkey and paraded from door to door gathering whatever foods the generous may offer. A candle is lighted at the church beckoning all the parish poor to come and partake of the gifts collected by "Melchior".

GREECE: Christmas in Greece is a time of family reunion, elaborate parties, and the telling of old folk legends.

HOLLAND: To provide food and water for St. Nick's good white horse, the children of Holland stuff their wooden shoes with hay and carrots and place them on the window sill with a dish of water alongside. In the morning, the hay and carrots are gone. Gifts are found in their place.

IRELAND: On Christmas Eve in Eire, candles are lighted and placed in every window of the house and all doors are left open. The candlelight and open doors are symbols of open-handed hos-

pitality, assuring the Irish people that no couple seeking shelter for a baby Who is the Son of God will be homeless in Ireland. The candles must remain lit all night and may be snuffed only by girls with the name Mary.

A cup and saucer is placed on the table in each home for the entertainment of wandering souls from purgatory who are believed to come home for Christmas.

ITALY: Calabrian shepherds, dressed in goatskin trousers and colorful jackets, come down from the hills to play on their pipes and pastoral flutes, stopping before each shrine in the streets and before all carpenter shops to salute Mary and her child. There is an accent on flowers and olive trees and a firm belief in Befana, a witch on broom stick who rides from house to house distributing presents.

MEXICO: Shepherds dress in wierd attire and dance and sing from house to house. Favourite of children is the game of "pinata". The "pinata" is a large bowl resembling the face of an animal. It is filled with fruits and nuts, candy and good luck charms and suspended from the ceiling. The children are blindfolded and given a bat. Each child has a try at breaking the "pinata". When it is finally broken, there is a mad scramble for the goodies and each child is allowed to keep whatever he finds.

All the world is queer save thee and me,
and even thou art a little queer.

Robert Owen

Visions

of

a

Vagabond

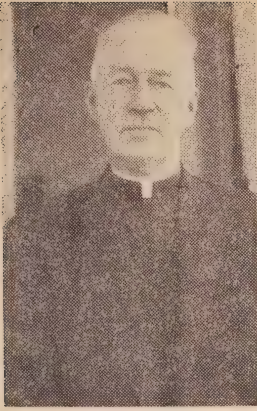
Whistle, whisper,
Whisper, whistle the wind-
Silent and serene;
A crumpled evening newsheet
Rustles... crackles and staggers through
the dark;
The dark, the dark and lonely street

The night sighs; there is no sound,
Echoing silence... webbed song,
Sleeping cries of a lonely street:
Ten million voices are quite,
Ten million dreams are spent-
The lonely heart... of a lonely city;
It's only one more night.

Neons are dead till another day;
Darkness is proud and pure,
Diseased by only the pools of pale
Pounding again upon the pavement;
Speckled obscenely with refuse of day,
The pavement tells its tale,
Of the souls that have walked its way.

Cold grey stone stretched for the stars,
Ghosts of a phantom time
Sadly they await the day
When life will come their way.
Labryth-like streets, great and small,
Corridors of time...
Proud is the face of a city;
Prouder still the night.

The faraway drone of an engine,
The lonesome wail of a train,
The chiming of a city hall clock,
The pitter-patter of rain:
The rustling of an awning,
The rattling of a pane,
The city begins its yawning - the wake
of another day.



Christmas

Though many who read this will be deprived of some of the joys usually associated with Christmas, yet there is one form of happiness and rejoicing that can be ours, no matter what our present condition may be. It is the happiness that follows the realization of God's love for us, made manifest by the birth of His Divine Son.

Before the coming of our Infant Saviour, God seemed very far away, dwelling in light inaccessible. He was too high, too awful, for poor human love to lift itself to Him. Only fear, awe and lowliest worship seemed in place in such a Presence. So God "emptied Himself, taking on the form of a slave". "The goodness and kindness of God our Savior Appeared." Who could have fearsome notions now of God after looking upon Him in the form of a tiny Babe, brought down to us by love and pity, whose baby hands swept aside what has stood in the way of men's approach to God?

The Nativity, the first Christmas, brought God within range of our hearts. All that remains now for us to do is to surrender ourselves to His loving embrace. The joy and happiness that will inevitably follow this surrender to His love, no man, no circumstance, no condition of life can take from us.

F.M. Devine, S.J.

Catholic Chaplain

SCAR TISSUE

by Clayton Hamlin

They trudged dejectedly along the tracks, their meagre possessions in battered knapsacks on their backs.

"What's the use of it all, Professor? Up ahead there," he waved vaguely at the tracks, "just another town like the last dozen. We work a few days for meals and enough change for a couple of packs of butts, and then move on."

"Still Joe," the other replied softly, "the casual freedom of the road is better than being turned into another of the mass production consumers who gets ulcers worrying about where his taxes are coming from."

"Naw," muttered Joe, "it's just that it doesn't seem to make any sense. Not just us, but all of them."

"Ah, a philosopher, and the old question. Well, we've been going long enough to deserve a rest. Let's stop here a moment and settle it, shall we?"

"Aw gee, professor, I ain't got no booklearnin' like you. I've beat around all over, but it still don't make sense. They don't even try to do what they say they believe in."

"Oh, I don't know, Albert Schweitzer...."

"And Dillinger!"

"But some create great things, Mich-

aelangelo, and Chopin and Shakespeare."

Joe snorted. "Surrealism, and rock and roll, and beatnick poetry."

"Joan of Arc?"

"And Hitler!"

"They still laugh at their misfortunes."

"But why the misfortunes anyway, plenty for everyone."

"Lincoln."

"Murdered, wasn't he?"

"Lots of churches."

"And lots of prisons."

"Yes, Joe, I see what you mean."

He arose and strode into the shadows, turning back to point at the tracks.

"You see, Joe, it has only been a few thousand years so far. We stumbled on our first step, but picked ourselves up and tried again and again. Yet, in those first few steps, we have learned the difference between right and wrong, and look how far the track still has to go." He waved his hand at the track before them

He walked into the shadows again. As the darkness engulfed his spare frame, his voice seemed to come from an immense distance, "And Joe, these nail scars on my hands have almost healed now."



Christmas

Festival

of

Home

CANON MINTO SWAN, E.D., M.A.B.D.

Although the Christmas events have developed in many different ways, there is a basic and fundamental truth which should never be forgotten.

God loved men at the first Christmas and always. For that reason Jesus came to earth. God broke into human life to give men salvation.

The warmth and joy of Christmas is that God brought His son Jesus into a Home. While the external facts of course relate to a manger stall in an inn at Bethlehem, Jesus did become a member of a family and that family eventually did have a home in which the child Jesus grew and developed.

Christmas must start with God's love to you individually and from you it can and should spread to your own family and then on to your friends and to all your fellow men. If it is in your heart, it will be shared by you with your home and all the members of your loved family group. This love will find expression in your thoughts, your prayers, your gifts and your words.

It is my wish that Christmas may mean to your family and your home, because it means much to you to remember that Jesus was born into a family and home and that His birth brought love and salvation to all mankind.

As Dickens' Christmas Carol says "And so as Tiny Tim observed, 'God Bless Us Every One'".

Even The Least

by Clayton Hamlin

AND IT CAME TO PASS THAT HE GAZED UPON EARTH THAT DAY.....

"Ho, ho, and what do you want for Christmas young man?"

"Now Dear, this year we're going to give sensible gifts; I don't really need that new fur."

"This program of Christmas music is brought to you by...."

"Now look, we're cooped up in this office all year long. You're a fine secretary, but this is our time to live it up a bit. Have another drink, and afterwards....."

"I just knew it, another tie from Aunt Jane, and with all her money."

"In this joyous season, open your hearts and your pocket books and GIVE."

"He has everything? Well here's something nice, a solid gold golf tee, and only \$39.95."

"So who in the post office has time to unfold these to see if I wrote a note inside."

"If you aren't quiet and don't stop bothering mommy, Santa Claus won't bring you anything."

"Some nerve, setting up their kettle outside the liquor store—trying to make me feel ashamed. Hell, ain't I got a right to take a drink without those guys butting in?"

"The Thompson's *would* wait till the last day to send us a card. Now we'll just have to send them one."

"*Jingle Bells....*" "*Santa Claus is Coming to Town....*" "*Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer....*" "*I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus....*"

AND HE FOUND IT WANTING, AND HIS WRATH ROSE LIKE A THUNDERCLOUD.....

"God bless mommy and daddy, and bring uncle Tom back from Korea, and give the poor little boys and girls something to eat, and...and Happy Birthday Jesus."

HIS GAZE SOFTENED, AND HE SPAKE, "YEA, IF EVEN THE LEAST OF THEM...."

Looking Back

by

Michael Kelly

Possibly, at this time of the year, all adults look back at the Christmas Seasons of their childhood years. Some may recall pleasant memories while others might lament hardships as a result of unfulfilled Christmas yearnings. When one regards the modern oddity whereby adults lavish adults with expensive gifts and children are almost suffocated by presents, it seems that many people wish to blot out unhappy recollections.

Indeed yes, I too look back over the years—perhaps thirty-five of them—and see my life as a small boy on an Ontario farm. I was one of the fortunate ones—my Christmas memories are all pleasant. Mind you not, as you might be thinking, as a result of a superabundance of Christmas presents. No, measured by modern day standards, I might have been classed as an unfortunate, underprivileged youngster but, fortunately for my peace of mind, no one ever so described me and, consequently, I was completely ignorant of my unhappiness and had no reason to even suspect that I had cause for self-pity.

Back in those days, for at least two weeks preceding December 25, our one-room schoolhouse would be the scene—after regular school hours—of busy preparations for THE concert. Every pupil would be participating in practising and rehearsing songs, skits, humorous dialogues and precision drills. One afternoon would be set aside for the larger boys' trip to a nearby swamp to procure, with the owner's permission, an immense Christmas tree and innumerable cedar boughs for decking the schoolroom. In addition to these boughs, there would be chains of colourful paper arching across the ceiling and above the windows and door. Yards and yards of popcorn—which we popped, ate, threaded, ate—were strung like strands of beads through the branches of the beautiful tree and compensated for the small number of fancy ornaments.

Then the concert night arrived and every person in the district seemed to squeeze into the schoolhouse in order to enjoy the presentation of Christmas themes and music. We performers were richly rewarded with appreciative applause throughout the concert, then several speeches were made by leading citizens in which we were praised and our teacher was commended for her proteges' performance (she really deserved all the praise given and more besides, for her enthusiastic efforts). However, these words of tribute were overly prolonged as it delayed the arrival of Santa Claus from the North Pole—all of us kids knew him as Jock McDougall and he lived in the white cottage next to his blacksmith shop—but, finally, Santa Claus ho-ho'd onto the stage and distributed the little baskets of fudge and taffy to the delighted children. Then, after some time spent in carolling by the adults with the children humming along, the crowd soon vacated the building and each farm family was soon jingling homeward snuggled in the strawy warmth of the team-drawn sleigh with each child now thinking ahead to Christmas Day itself.

Well, Christmas morning did arrive. This was one, possibly the only one, wintry morning when emerging from the clinging warmth of the blankets and quilts into the icy chill of the unheated bedroom could be cheerfully performed. Why, one might even get up before the customary six o'clock (as this was wintertime we always slept

this late) rousing call if the rattling of lids on the big wood-burning kitchen stove indicated that the inside temperature would soon be reviving from the frosty blows of the cold, stormy night. So, on with the clothes—the usual clothing for the barn chores, no matter the day, the cows still must be milked and, as with the other animals, would be expecting feed—and a quick dash into the warming kitchen, an exchange of seasonal greetings and a quick pounce on one's presents before chorettime.

My presents included, country Christmas after country Christmas with little deviation, hand-knit (by my mother) sweaters, stockings and mitts. These hand-coverings were no ordinary items—they had been produced by combining two materials, coarse black wool for warmth and tough white cord for hard wear and, until I was able to get them appropriately soiled, I was referred to, by my schoolmates, as the kid with the salt and pepper mitts. I also received gifts of store-bought clothes—red flannel underwear, work shirts and hankercieves and, when needed, caps and rubber boots. For some reason, perhaps on account of their un-Christmassy appearance, I never received overalls on this day.

Neither did I receive or miss toys. Of course, by the time I was a grown boy of nine or ten years of age, I was beyond the time for such nonsense. Besides, with a barnful of cows and horses each of whom was a personal friend, with many cats and dogs all of whom were playmates quite unused to toys and

with our bush full of wild animals and birds just waiting to be observed in their activities, who needed or had time for toy playing.

I always received at least one book. At age five or six, this would likely be a Burgess Bedtime Story, at seven and eight I received Tom Swift adventure books. The second one of these soon had my father switching my reading habits. Tom Swift in the City of Gold either bored my paternal parent or filled him with dread that I might succumb to city ways of amassing riches and not stick to the usual honest and rural method of earning a living by the personal expenditure of sweat, toil and, sometimes, a little blood. Anyway, whatever the reason, at age nine and thereafter, I received some of the bloodiest murder mystery books that any father could enjoy reading and I also got the message contained therein—it might seem fun but crime doesn't pay.

My Christmas stocking was most interesting and quite intriguing. This was no dandified store-sold concoction, no sir, this was one of my mother's old, wornout stockings and it was jam-packed with goodies. It's quite true that more than half the contents consisted of apples from our own orchard and which I might have picked myself but, nevertheless, these were special. Possibly they were redder and shinier than their fellows stowed away in the many barrels in our fruit cellar but these were different in another sense,

they were Christmas stocking apples. Surpassing them, only in attraction however and not in number as there would only be one, was a large Christmas orange. Though I would not lack ample food on this special day or on any other day in the whole year, this orange was a special treat as I only received one orange each year and this was it and it was all mine. Not so though with the mixed nuts—brazils, filberts, almonds and walnuts, all in the shell—the whole festive pound might be in my stocking but this was only done for display, they would soon find their way to the big glass bowl in our parlour and I would eat few if any. No matter about them if I wished to eat nutmeats, our household was well supplied with nuts which I gathered, racing with the squirrels, beneath our giant butternut trees and brought to the house in quantities large enough to last the year round. All one needed in order to feast on butternut kernels was either an adroit hand on the hammer (butternut shells are tough, legend has it that even a toothy squirrel has to allow them to rot in the ground somewhat) which was used to crack them or a stoic indifference to pain flowing from mashed fingers as a result of overeager but inept hammer handling.

The stocking also contained a dozen pieces of Christmas rock candy (which I was allowed to eat and which I did some weeks later after all the public offering was exhausted); several shiny

one-cent pieces (also mine to splurge on several shopping sprees in the village general store); and a five-cent chocolate bar.

This was similar to the orange, it was all mine and it too was a once-a-year occurrence. This would be the only bar I would handle in the whole year and how I would handle and fondle it. I reverently treasured this bar until both the public and my private stock of rock candy disappeared and then I would both eagerly and reluctantly start to consume it. It took several days of short licks and small nibbles but it soon vanished. As I had been trained in politeness, I offered to share my chocolate bar with the adults but, possibly due to the treasuring technique I had used, not one of the adults in our family showed any desire to chance

even the slightest nibble of the over-treasured but, despite its untempting appearance, still edible confection. However, not being one to tempt Fate beyond reasonable limits, I never offered similar privileges to our hired man; it was claimed (rightly so as I remember his table activity)) that he had never hesitated to devour anything set before him.

All in all, true Christmas spirit started weeks before December 25 for me and my schoolmates and lasted for so many weeks afterwards that we scarcely had time to get ready our anticipations and expectations for the next December.

Well, though times may have changed and Christmas customs too, I'll close my little tale with the old-fashioned wish of

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL"

I am not concerned that I have no
place,
I am concerned how I may fit myself
for one,
I am not concerned that I am not
known,
I seek to be worthy to be known.

Confucious

FICTION

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Benny, the waiter, mopped industriously at the table. From the side of his mouth he said "There's a big pair of flat feet headed this way. We don't want no trouble in here, Muscles."

Muscles Carson sat without moving while a big man in a tweed topcoat pulled out a chair and sat down. Then he spoke.

"Look, Bryant," he said in a harsh, cold voice, "it's Christmas Eve. I've served my stretch. Why the hell can't you leave me alone?"

Sergeant of Detectives Harry Bryant held up a finger to Benny, then turned to Carson.

"You might say I just dropped in for a companionable beer off duty, Muscles," he said, cheerfully. "But you'd be wrong. You know how we work — always peering into odd holes and corners, looking up old friends and all that jazz.

"As a matter of fact," Bryant went on, after waiting for Benny to get safely out of earshot, "I was looking for you."

"Going to frame me again?" snarled Carson.

"Didn't frame you the first time," Bryant amiably replied.

"Huh? Carson showed his surprise. "You said that as though you knew I had been framed."

"Sure I knew it," Bryant told him. "Knew you didn't do any breaking and entering stuff, anyway. Figured that stuff was a plant. But you were making us plenty of trouble in your own line, running that game as a loner."

"In a way," the detective went on, "we did you a favor, letting you get sent up. You're a tough boy, Muscles, but you were treading on the toes of some really mean muggs around town, running an independent spread without their permission."

"Sounds like you might have got paid off for me drawing that stretch in the pen," said Carson through white lips.

"Now, now, Muscles!" warned Bryant. "Don't let your temper run away with you, boy. You're a husky lad, but never forget they teach us some dirty, dirty tricks on the Force. I just might push your face down your throat if you don't mind your manners."

Bryant sipped his beer with thinly disguised repugnance.

"Let me tell you why I'm sitting here," he said. "There are a couple of fingers crawling around town, looking for you. Just hope I beat them to you. No, don't start glaring around the joint. I'm going to move as soon as I make my proposition."

"I have no intention," said the detective, "of telling you what you can or can't do. You put in your time, and you're a free man unless you make another wrong move. But I'd like to give Joey Sampson and his mob the

gears. I've a fairly good idea they're the muggs who sent you up for that little holiday in the pen. If I could have proved it, I would have. You were due for some kind of a rap for running that game, but not as much as you got. I'd rather have had the Sampson outfit any day."

"I won't stool for you or any other flatfoot!" grated Carson.

"I don't want a stoolie," Bryant explained in a low voice. "What I want is bait!

"The idea might have worked without me talking to you," he went on. "We could have let you wander out of here, and taken a chance we could tail you close enough to keep you from getting too badly hurt."

"However," said the detective, "there was the chance you might take a cab, and if you took the wrong cab, which you probably would, you might disappear - permanently. That sort of thing is against the law."

"Now, I'm reasonably sure you aren't rodded up, and I'm just as sure that if any of Sampson's boys catch up with you there won't be any shooting. They know, by the way, that you're back in town. They got the word almost as soon as head-quarters," said the detective.

"Now, all I'm asking is that when you leave here—and you go where you like and do what you like for all of me—you walk. I'm not offering you anything for your co-operation, nor am I hinting that we'll make any trouble for you if you don't go along with the idea."

"So there you have it," said Bryant.

"In any case, take it or leave it, a Merry Christmas to you, and may you keep a whole skin to enjoy it."

"Merry Christmas, hell!" growled the gambler as the detective walked out.

Carson carefully but casually looked about the room. In a dim corner were two beefy types who might have been farmers.

At a nearer table, a plug-ugly and a rat-faced, weedy man were ostentatiously deep in conversation. Carson thought things over. The plug-ugly looked like a broken-down prizefighter. The little punk would probably be on hand to bring reinforcements.

It was six blocks to his hotel. He had no love for coppers, but Bryant's warning seemed to have the ring of truth.

He toyed with the thought of another drink, and decided against it. If there was going to be any excitement, he needed all his wind.

Yawning, he got up, tossed a coin on the table and lounged towards the door. Rat-face and plug-ugly seemingly paid no attention to him. Neither did the farmer types. Carson stepped out into a cold, clouded night.

He set off, slowly, towards his hotel, sauntering along, pausing to look in the windows and shabby stores. From the corner of his eye he saw a shambling figure leave the bar and cross the street, moving in his direction on the other side. There was no sign of the smaller man nor of the two beefy individuals.

Carson turned towards his hotel and began to walk more briskly. The sham-

bling figure on the opposite sidewalk kept pace. They were in the third block when it happened.

The rush came from an alley. Carson jumped back and got his back against the wall. There was a flicker of light and something bit deep into his shoulder. The plug-ugly was charging across the road when the second rush materialized.

Large men with big, flat feet seemed to spring from the sidewalk and from the walls of buildings. They employed themselves industriously, pounding on Carson's assailants.

A man in a tweed coat put a solicitous arm around Carson's shoulders. "Are you all right, Muscles?" he asked, with a surprising degree of anxiety in his tones.

"Some dirty rat heaved a shiv," said Carson. "Put plenty of steam behind it. I need a doctor."

"Clear those rats into the wagon!" roared Sergeant of Detectives Harry Bryant, "and get an ambulance for this man."

"You going to send him to a hospital?" asked one of the farmer types. "You'll have to put a guard on him if you do. They might be desperate enough to make another try."

"Hell, no!" the sergeant exploded. "This guy's going home with me. Then I'll be sure he's all right. Get the doc on the radio; my apartment's as near as any hospital."

"Well," groaned Carson, "this is a lousy way to spend Christmas, shackled up with a flatfoot, but — Merry Christmas, copper!"

X

X

X

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR POSTERS?

An election for an inmate committee was held in early October, but that's not what I'm about to lecture you upon. Matter of fact I don't think I'll lecture you at all. I'll just tell the story, and the story centres around one specific part of the election campaign, namely the attaching of campaign posters to the walls of the Gaza Strip. Gaza Strip, by the way, is the unofficial name of the institution's main corridor.

One end of the Strip was reserved for campaign posters and cartoons. The day after the election date was set, this space was literally plastered with posters; colourful cards and signs of almost every size and description. The largest advertisement measured about seven feet by five feet and the smallest measured exactly eight inches by three and a half inches. I counted seventeen posters-at that one end of the Strip.

As is usually the case, there were some who were not satisfied. One enterprising group of candidates decided that they should also rivet some posters to the wall at the other end of the corridor. Not only because it looked so barren, but because they felt they needed the votes of the incoming traffic.

However, these posters were not permitted to adorn the hallowed walls of the Gaza Strip for long. They were promptly taken down and deposited in the trash can by one of the more conscientious members of the staff. Later a notice was boomed over the local radio, warning all candidates against posting notices anywhere but in the authorized area. This naturally came as quite a shock to the enterprising candidates, but somehow they managed to stand firm beneath the pressure.

And guess what happened the very next day? No, the cat didn't come back, but some posters did. The very next day an officer navigated skillfully up and down the corridors pasting posters in, on, and around every conceivable space. Somehow the ceiling was overlooked. Why, at that time, if a cell block door didn't have five or more posters patched over it there was almost an investigation. The posters, by the way, asked someone, or perhaps everyone, to CLEAN UP and eliminate fire hazards. I don't think anyone devoted serious thought to the place burning down. Matter of fact, I don't think anyone devoted a serious thought? Of course, you never can tell. Anyway, it was nice to know that someone was looking after our welfare.

However, in view of what had occurred the previous day, the very enterprising group of candidates felt that they had weathered an injustice.

To get on with it, the very enterprising group of candidates previously referred to did not think that it was quite fair allowing the firefighters to

decorate the walls with posters when *they* could not. Still as enterprising as ever, the very enterprising group of candidates used their sense of enterprise and, almost immediately, remedied the situation.

After the large block-lettered title announcing CLEAN UP, the aforementioned, and very enterprising candidates, added, "with Blanko, El Blanko, and Blankety-Blank." Under the fierce and flaming letters warning one and all to PROTECT YOUR HOME, they added again, "with Blanko, El Blanko, and Blankety-Blank."

Of course, when they were accused of making these helpful addenda—by an officer—they responded with battalions of righteous indignation. However, when asked the same questions by fellow inmates, they grinned slyly, tilting their jovial little craniums in the fashion of a pimpernel conspirator, and whispered, "Yeah, wasn't that a good idea?"

After all this however, they didn't get elected!

Censorship

She flays with indignation haughty
The passages she thinks are naughty,
But reads them *carefully* so that
She'll know what to be angry at.

Edward Anthony

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

The Diamond interviewed another man this month. His name was Gerald. He comes from a decent family which lives within its means, and he is serving a seven year sentence at this penitentiary.

A tall, handsomely dark athletic man in his mid-twenties, Gerald dismissed any attempt at discussing his pre-school years. He maintains that he cannot remember much of what he did or how he was treated previous to his entrance into kindergarten. Gerald betrayed only one faint hint that his life from the ages one to five was a happy one, citing as evidence the fond attention and consideration shown him by his parents. They treated him with marked kindness, showed him every affection, and appeased him in times of tantrum.

Gerald did not like school. He fought against it with a viciousness that is seldom evident in the most bitter antagonistic demagogue. School was seen by his tiny, yet unopened eyes as a heavy wedge separating him from the relaxed and non-competitive existence of the pre-school child.

THE NINTH IN A SERIES

by

The Editorial Staff

Gerald was unruly. He lashed out at his teachers. He destroyed school books and learned a language that no school would teach. He rejected his lessons and became what used to be referred to as the *dunce* of the class. His teacher tried to prod him on to do better things, but he fought against the teachers, blinded of the better things. However, as his teachers later testified, Gerald was not in the least stupid or slow. He was a brilliant boy. The teachers blamed his backwardness on day-dreaming which Gerald admits he did, and thoroughly enjoyed.

When he was falling badly behind the other pupils, his teacher, as a last resort painful to both of them, kept Gerald after school until he had completed the same lessons that the other members of the class had done earlier in the day. His unexplainable hatred of school prompted him to do the lessons in record time. This procedure continued for more than a month. Gerald never told anyone. He just thought of revenge, and he hated with all the blind hatred that a little boy is capable of.

One thing that he found frustrating to his teachers was what he called his "stupid act", pretending that he was extremely dull and puzzling over simple problems that he could have easily done. Sometimes, he reminisced, his teachers would become so angry they would rant nonsensically or fly into tantrums. One teacher was in the habit of screaming wildly and incoherently previous to breaking into tears. Gerald thoroughly enjoyed all this. He was beating them at their own game. He was getting even with them. But, after a time the teachers caught onto the game, or so he thinks, and then they

again had the upper hand. They simply waited patiently and told him that he was not very bright.

However, it wasn't just a one way fight. Gerald got back at them. He broke windows in the school, upset fire extinguishers, spilled ink on the floors, let air out of the teachers' tires, and carved up the desks. They might be able to make him unhappy, he admitted, but they were going to pay for it.

Soon Gerald accumulated a group of disciples who followed where he led, until the vandalism was not only directed against the school, but against anything that happened to be in their way. No one and nothing was safe from Gerald's twisted vengeance.

The teachers were reasonably sure that it was Gerald that was causing most of the trouble and, although they had no definite proof, they gave him several warnings. These seemed to have little effect. The teachers threatened to notify his parents. This didn't bother him in the least.

When his parents were later told that Gerald was becoming a major trouble-maker and possibly even a delinquent, his father was delegated to take him aside and give him a stern talking to. This done, and with Gerald's word to behave accordingly in the future, the family settled back into its former complacency. Neither the notification, the talking-to nor the promise meant very much however. The only thing that really came of the entire affair was the gift to Gerald of another reason to detest his teachers: they were stool pigeons!

Two weeks after the affair, when the bicycle racks at school were found all chopped to bits, Gerald was called be-

fore the principle. An investigation was started and it was soon determined that Gerald was the guilty party. Naturally Gerald denied having anything to do with the sabotage. For punishment the principle gave Gerald ten heavy strokes of the strap across the palm of each hand. He also informed Gerald's father of the misdeed and the action he had taken.

Gerald's father, at his wit's end, took the boy up into the attic, sent his wife off to the theatre and, with his razor strap, beat Gerald until his backside looked like a bright Italian sunset.

Revenge! The following morning, at the brink of dawn, Gerald crept into the room where his parents slept and extracted fifty dollars from his father's pants pockets. Hiding the money beneath the front porch, Gerald proceeded to school as if nothing had happened. For approximately a week he was a model student.

Asked about the money later that night, Gerald denied having any knowledge of it. His parents were dubious, especially when he was so hesitant, but they let the matter pass without mention of their suspicions. His mother could not imagine him sneaking into their room to steal and his father, for the purpose of calming his wife, dismissed the matter by declaring that he had probably left it at the office or that it might have fallen out of his wallet when he was buying something. He later told his son that, although he had no proof, he knew that Gerald had taken it. Gerald felt quite badly, but got over it in a few days.

Despite all these infractions against accepted behaviour, Gerald wormed his way through elementary school and en-

rolled in secondary school. He was sixteen years of age.

After five months in grade nine Gerald decided to quit school. His parents attempted to talk him out of this. Their talks failed. At length they tried to force him back, but he flatly refused. He argued that he would only be wasting time and, by this time, his parents were inclined to believe him.

Gerald spent several weeks loafing around the house before he found employment in a tannery. This wasn't a good job by his standards. It was hard and the establishment smelled. He also discovered that people, very probably meaning no offense, were directing him and trying to teach him much the same as the teachers did at school. Gerald only worked at the tannery for two weeks.

He was scolded by his mother for having quit his job, but this rolled off him like water rolls off grease.

Lazing around home wasn't pleasant, but he didn't have any money, and without money he couldn't go anywhere. The inactivity was stifling and seemed to eat at his very core. He was forced to get out of the house, even if just to wander the city streets.

Previous to this time in his comparatively uneventful life, Gerald had never set foot in a pool room, or billiard academy as they are usually billed. Many of his friends frequented one of these establishments and he had always wanted to see what mysteries and magnetic forces lay hidden behind the glossy tiled and untelling walls. But for some unknown reason he had never ventured to find out. Now, with nothing more to do than spend aeons of dragging time, he penetrated the pool room. At first

Gerald could see nothing fascinating about the pool room. It was, in fact, a drab, malodorous place which reminded him somewhat of a sewer. However, soon the game caught hold of him until he too was virtually addicted. At this point the atmosphere became new and inviting; the whole surroundings seemed transformed from the drab and dirty to the exotic.

When Gerald first began living his days in the pool room he had very few acquaintances. He had a few fringe friends, boys he had known in early grade school, but lost contact with over the intervening years. However, no one bothered him. He was one of their kind, although neither he nor they realized it yet.

The only way of describing Gerald's activities around the pool room would be to say that he haunted the place. He was like a ghost. All the players might not be able to see him, but they knew that he was always there. He was usually idle. He watched the games. He made comments on difficult carems. He passed small talk with some of the natives. He played a few games. Steadily he improved on his game and steadily he made new acquaintances.

With no available funds, Gerald was restless. He liked to play snooker and billiards, but could not always afford to. A sickness set upon him. He felt at times however, that he could not really complain because there was nothing to complain about; there wasn't even anything to rebel against.

If he was in possession of seventy-five cents or more, Gerald would get into a game with several members of the local crowd. He didn't look for anyone in particular, but just played with who-

ever happened to be available. Sometimes he could play all day if he was lucky, or had what he calls a *good day*. Otherwise Gerald just slouched around, serving no useful or harmful purpose. It seems he was almost afraid to leave; afraid he might miss something.

Through his new found friends he met and made more friends until soon he knew almost everyone of the regular academy attendants. They were all of his kind. Most of them had been in trouble at one time or another, but they weren't in the least ashamed of it. They even bragged about it and about how superlatively intelligent they were. They laughed at the law and seemed to derive an immense satisfaction from *putting one over* on the law. This was basically a clique. Probably every pool room has one. There were about eighteen regulars in the clique, but it was a very flexible organization which expanded and contracted erratically and without notice. It included people from the best and the worst type of family. But they all had one thing in common; they were dissatisfied with their lot, discouraged with their world, and sick of themselves. It was a shiftless body, and a thoroughly useless one.

But these people held a strange fascination over Gerald. Perhaps it was their free and easy manner, the devil-may-care attitude. They seemed to have no worries.

One day in the forenoon a man named Lennie bolted into the pool room. He was an older member of the clique, somehow preserved on its boundary. He was not a regular as was Gerald, but he was a good-natured fellow whom everyone liked.

Lennie, obviously a little tipsy, played several games with four of the boys. He later invited them all to a party at his apartment. Gerald was included in the invitation.

The party was strictly one of drinking and boasting. When everyone had been well-gutted with drink, Lennie told of his courageous adventures and how he stole the money which had purchased their drink. Gerald was magnetized. It all seemed so easy and so utterly right. It was at least much better than wasting oneself in a pool room. This, Gerald thought, was the kind of a life that was meant for him.

Later that day, in the evening, Lennie escorted the boys on a tour of the city's hotels. Gerald, who was not accustomed to an abundance of drink, became lost beneath its influence. He became very belligerent, told his companions that they were imbeciles, pinched a waitress, and hurled a full glass of ale at a funny fat man with a cigar stuck in his mouth. The funny fat man happened to be the manager and, as a result of Gerald's actions, the entire group was evicted from the hotel.

Gerald awoke the next day to find himself miraculously back in Lennie's apartment. He thought that the night before had been nothing but a dream until Lennie came back from the restaurant with food and coffee to confirm his worst suspicions. Gerald was in the midst of offering effusive apologies when Lennie interjected with roars of stormy laughter. It was great, declared Lennie. He had never witnessed such an outstanding performance in his entire life.

Together they ate breakfast. Gerald still felt queasy and Lennie advised

him to take a couple of good stiff gulps of whiskey. This Gerald did. Before either of them realized it, they had consumed a full bottle. Lennie called up two girls he knew and another party was started. Lennie became attached to Gerald and Gerald reciprocated.

Gerald automatically included himself in all Lennie's future transactions. They collected two girls to share their dwellings with them, they drank consistently, and they stole small sums of money together.

During the sixth month of their association, Gerald was apprehended by the police. He was shaken up a bit at the police station and taken to court, charged with attempted shopbreaking. The court suspended sentence for one year and Gerald went free.

Hatred, anger, and vengeance now motivated Gerald. He would get even if it was the last thing he did. Lennie treated him like a soldier returned from the wars when he came home the next day. Lennie was extremely grateful because he had not been involved, and he told Gerald so. They were both drunk for a week.

Days seemed to cling together in clouds. Gerald was drinking himself senseless, but he could not cease. Drinking had become a habit and if he went without a drink, he felt sick.

Soon all their money was consumed. The rent was due and the girls threatened to vacate. There was nothing to drink. And so they began to make plans. However, this time it was to be something big; no more of the penny-ante stuff for them. Finally, after two days of bickering with two other men, they decided to go after a tobacconist wholesaler's warehouse and clean it out.

The expedition was a success. They made a nice clean entry and left without having been noticed. They also left richer by several thousand dollars.

The parties resumed; the drink, the girls, the parties, and the clouds; Gerald's clouds. Gerald drank with an intensity, as if it was a job that he must finish before going somewhere, but he did not plan on going anywhere. After a month the money disappeared again.

With no money life was almost unbearable. He and Lennie never doubted that they would make more, but the waiting was dreadful. Gerald was filled with panic. He kept telling Lennie that they needed the money now, not in two or three weeks.

But they had nothing planned. They would have to make preparations.

Gerald couldn't wait for the preparations. He borrowed a car and returned to the tobacconist's. He loaded the car with cartons of cigarettes and started home. Lennie was angry, but he took the cigarettes and sold them for Gerald. The money, he said, would sustain them until they could make the necessary plans for another hit.

The plans arrived sooner than either of them expected. A fellow just released from the penitentiary dropped into see Lennie. He said he needed money. Unfortunately Lennie couldn't afford to give him any. The man then outlined a robbery he had in mind. He had all the details worked out. All that was

needed was three men, two guns, and a car. Well, they had the three men and the car, and Lennie knew where he could get the guns. It was all set.

At ten-o'clock in the morning three men in a double blue hardtop stopped in front of a small bank. Two of the men got out of the car. They went up to the door, pulled stockings over their heads and entered. The man in the car sat quietly. From inside the bank two shots rang out. The man in the car waited. He started the engine. Another shot rang out. The man in the car fled.

The two men who had entered the bank were apprehended not fifty feet from the scene of the crime. Although shots had been fired, no one had been injured and relatively little damage done.

Gerald and Lennie were swiftly processed by the police and taken to court the next day. They were remanded in custody for a period of six weeks before they faced the court for judgement and sentence.

Both accused pleaded guilty. Gerald was sentenced to seven years and Lennie was sentenced to nine. Shortly after he was received at Kingston Penitentiary, he was transferred to Collin's Bay. During his stay here he has taken a vocational course and done additional studying.

He feels that he will leave a much better man for this.

A joke without a point, inane and bald,
Itself a joke on joking may be called.

Menander

NEWS BRIEFS...

Pass System to Govern Inmates Movements

Late in September of this year, a pass system was instituted at this penitentiary. This system is in effect in all Canadian penitentiaries and is intended to curtail general and specific movements of the inmate population. Any inmate with legitimate reason to be on the move without supervision should find no difficulty obtaining a pass.

Passes are of three varieties. There is a white pass used for regular parades such as sick parade, dental parade, and classification. There is a green pass used for irregular parades. This is used when an inmate must leave his place of work, either to proceed to another place of work or for an interview. There is also a pink pass which is a permanent working pass.

Incoming Mail

Letters intended to reach this Penitentiary should be addressed: P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ontario. Inmates are asked to advise their friends and relatives of this.

It was recently brought to our attention that some letters are addressed: Box 190, Collin's Bay. This is not the proper address, and when this address is attached, the letter is usually held up for a week or more.

Therefore, if you want your mail to reach here as soon as possible, please advise your correspondents to address all letters P.O. Box 190, KINGSTON, Ontario.

Auditorium Ready

The new auditorium-gymnasium is ready for use. Lack of sporting equipment is the only thing holding up the official opening. However, men from the machine shop are working on a portable set of baskets for the basketball court and the remainder of the equipment is on order.

An ordinance prohibits anyone connected with the penitentiary from so much as banging a nail into the wall, floor, or panelling of the auditorium and this naturally makes things a little difficult.

World Series

The first two games of the World Series were viewed in the new auditorium. The inmate population was fed early on the two consecutive days and permitted their choice between watching the Series in the auditorium and going to exercise.

First Movie

The first movie of the 1962-63 season was seen in the new auditorium. The movie was unable to be shown during the day because there are no curtains for the many windows in the auditorium.

Inmates were not released from their cells until seven o'clock in the evening. Usually they are released at five-thirty. Naturally there were some complaints.

The consensus is that movies, if they are to be shown at night, should be shown Wednesday or Friday. Both are lock-up nights.

Macey Moves

Welfare Officer Hub Macey has moved from his office in the canteen portion of the administration building to a new and brighter office in the auditorium. We expect great things from him now.

New Offices Opened

A labyrinth of offices designed by inmates, and recently built by inmate tradesmen are now occupied by the Deputy Warden and his two female clerks, and by the Classification Department. The old Classification Offices are reserved for special interviews.

Board Room/Department

Inmates slated for interviews should distinguish between the Classification Board Room and the Classification Department.

If your pass says Board Room, proceed to the old Classification Offices situated at the top of the wooden stairs by 3-Block. If the pass says Department, proceed to the new offices, inside 42 barrier and to the left of the keeper's hall.

Instructor Leaves

Mr. A. J. Bignon, former Machine Shop Instructor at this institution, has left for greener fields.

Mr. Bignon will be taking a university course this year and teaching machine shop at a high school next year. Because of this, no machine shop course is available at the institution this year.

CHRISTMAS

A LOOK AT ITS PAST



Even as it is celebrated today, Christmas is a strange blend of reverent religious rites, pagan customs, and Time. The civilized world does not recognize the pagan influence, as it does not consciously observe any pagan customs, at least as they were when paganism was at its height, but still various pagan observances have grown to be associated so closely with Christmas that they continue their existence. Most of the customs have been mellowed with time and change, but still they are with us, and Christmas.

Christmas, although the festival of the nativity of the Christ Child and consequently the most important holiday of Christianity, was not among the earliest holidays of the Church. Prior to the fifth century there was no agreement of opinion as to the date of Christmas, with three dates existing in different sections of the then known world; *January 6*, *March 25*, and *December 25*, among other radical dates.

Now, in the ancient world many of the people of the earth were sun worshippers. This is explained by historians as being so because the course of the ancients' lives was directly governed by the sun, depending as they did upon its yearly round in the sky. Great feasts and celebrations were held by such pagans to aid the sun in its return from distant wanderings. Great fires were built to give it strength; to re-ignite it. This great feast was usually held on or near the winter solstice which falls on December 21, that date on which the sun is furthest from northerly lands. In the south of Europe, in Egypt and in Persia, the sun Gods were worshipped with elaborate and colourful ceremonies at the winter solstice, while in Rome, Saturnalia reigned for an entire week, and in Britain, exactly on December 25th, Mother's Day was held, so called, some historians think because of the increase of mothers within the nine month period following the celebration. To pagan people this was the most important festival of the year, especially in northern lands where December was a critical time of the year because of the shorter days with the sun seemingly far away. Thus these ancient peoples held great feasts at the same period that Christmas is now celebrated.

Consequently, because of its nearness to the winter solstice, in the year 440, the fathers of the Church wisely selected *December 25* as the rightful day to commemorate the birth of the Christ

Child, keeping in mind, no doubt, that the feasts held to prompt the return of the sun would favourably correspond with the concept of the birth of Christ which brought another light into the world.

However, still the feast of Christmas remained for all appearances just a religious observation and anniversary within the immediate bounds of the Church, not being recongnized by the people of the time.

The institution of Christmas as a public holiday was not firmly established until the year 601 when Pope Gregory the 1st, called Gregory the Great, instructed his missionaries to: "Let the shrines of idols by no means be destroyed, but let the idols which are in them be destroyed. Let water be consecrated and sprinkled in the temples; let alters be erected...so the people, not seeing their temples destroyed, may replace error, and recognize and adore the true God...And because they were wont to sacrifice oxen to devils, some celebration should be given in exchange for this...they should celebrate a religious feast and worship God by their feasting, so that, still keeping their outward pleasures, they may more readily receive spiritual joys."

And so it was, as a result of this liberalism on the part of Pope Gregory the Great that in many lands the pagan practices of the winter solstice were blended with the celebration of the birth of the Christ Child, which came to be known as Christmas. And thus

Christmas became both religious and secular, at times reverant, at times gay.

As with all customs, some associated with the winter solstice festivities of the pagans were altered or forgotten with the passing of time and progress. New customs sometimes blended with the old, and sometimes new customs took over entirely. Although many of the picturesque customs were suppressed, either by religion or sovereign, as was the celebration of Christmas itself banished by a Puritan English Parliament in 1644, many of these customs still contribute to the modern observances of Christmas in little ways and big — and, much has been forgotten.

From the pagan bonfires and insistence on light at the winter solstice, for instance, we can trace today's accent on lights at Christmas, around the Christmas tree, in wreaths, and suspended from ceilings.

Many of our present Christmas decorations can be traced back to the Romans and Druids. The Romans, for instance, decorated their temples and homes with green boughs and flowers for Saturnalia. We can also trace the giving and accepting of gifts to the festival of Saturnalia, for this was the Roman season of bearing gifts to friends and loved ones. Mistletoes can be traced definitely as far back as the Druids

who gathered it with great ceremony to hang in their homes, and holly, ivy, and bay can be traced to the Saxons who did much the same with these decorations.

It is generally believed that the first Christmas tree was of Germanic origin, dating back to the time of Boniface, who in the 8th century was an English missionary to Germany, and who replaced sacrifices to Odin's sacred birch by a fir tree colourfully adorned in honour of the Christ Child. This is not a certainty, but it is certain that the German Prince Albert, soon after his marriage to Queen Victoria, introduced it into England, and that the custom of the Christmas tree was brought to the United States and Canada by German immigrants.

Imperceptibly, even in this day and age, our customs and culture are changing. Perhaps we will not notice the change in our time, but future generations will notice it, just as we now look back at the ancients and trace something like Christmas through the ages. But one thing, we think, will not change, and that is the babe in the manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, the wise men surrounding him, the star above him — all set before the altar of heaven and earth.

Common sense is not so common.

Voltaire

It matters not if you won or lost,
but...*how do you play the game?*

HOW TO PLAY

In explaining how any given game is played the orator or, as in this situation, writer should first mention the requirements. And the first requirement, I would imagine, would be to know what game is about to be explained. The same applies to players and playing.

The game about to be described and explained, probably as no game before ever has, or after ever will - which, by the way, is no distinction - is Collin's Bay Football. It is a mongrol game, bearing some resemblance to Canadian Football as played in the Big Four and some resemblance also to American Football as played in the National Football League. The latter is graciously brought to us through the C.B.C., as an excuse, some think, for our own game. Getting back to our topic, Collin's Bay Football also retains several regulations which are said to be indigenous.

The requirements for Collin's Bay Football are seven: 1) a field approximately one hundred yards by eighty-five yards; 2) two sets of goal posts, one at each end of the field; 3) football, reasonably oval in shape, inflated with thirteen pounds of oxygen, and preferably fashioned from pigskin; 4) two teams comprised of twelve players; 5) several referees or reasonable facsimile; 6) sixty minutes or thereabouts of playing time and; 7) whistles.

Every legitimate game of Collin's Bay Football begins with the sound of a whistle. And, contrary to vicious rumour, every game ends with the sound of the whistle and not the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

At the beginning of each game two teams, each having twelve players, line up at opposite ends of the playing field. The team that miscued and forgot to bribe the referees usually kicks the ball to the other team when the whistle is sounded. This starts the game.

When the ball is kicked, all members of both teams race toward it. Everyone, with the possible exception of the referees and spectators, are eligible to pick it up, providing it has gone ten yards from the kicking point - in the right direction, of course. Usually a member of the offensive team catches the ball and runs toward the opponent's goal line. Rarely does he succeed in reaching it, however, because the defensive team swarms upon him. When the ball carrier is touched with two hands by any member of his opposition, play ceases and the first argument begins.

Wherever the play is stopped, the team with possession of the ball, called the offensive team - although they do not really appear too offensive - are given three plays in which to advance the ball ten yards. They may pass or run or both, but they must advance the ball ten yards or more within the three plays or they forfeit the ball. If the team advances the ball ten yards in three plays; then they are given another three plays in which to advance another ten yards. This procedure continues until they cross the opposition's goal line, or until they forfeit the ball. However, if a team does not advance the ball ten yards in the first two plays, they usually kick it on the third play. The other team then takes the ball and is given three plays in which to advance the ball ten yards. So the game proceeds.

The main score of the game is called a touchdown and occurs when one team runs or passes the ball over the opposition's goal line. Six points is awarded for a touchdown and a chance for an extra point called a convert. The next largest score is the field goal which occurs when the offensive team kick the ball, from placement position, through the opposition's uprights. Three points are awarded for a field goal. If the ball does not go through the uprights, play continues as usual. If the team does not get the ball out of the end zone however, one point is awarded the team which attempted the field goal. The same applies to an ordinary kick, or punt. When a team is trapped behind their own goal line, other than on a kick or attempted field goal, a rouge is declared and two

points awarded the trapper.

Collin's Bay Football is a cross between touch and tackle. Tackling is permitted behind the line of scrimmage. This rule was adopted this year in order to avoid the age old touch argument over whether or not the passer was touched before he delivered, or passed the ball. Once across the line of scrimmage the ball carrier need only be touched with two hands simultaneously for play to be stopped. Severe penalties are handed out for tackling beyond the line of scrimmage.

Downfield blocking is permitted on all plays; runs, passes, pass interceptions, kick, and kick-offs.

Other than this, the Big Four regulations prevail. Players, as a rule, are gentlemanly and there is little need to enforce any regulations other than those governing off-sides, pass interference, illegal motion, and the occasional roughing the kicker.

Arguments do arise at times, but all referees are amply protected with extremely thick skulls so that there is relatively little damage done them.

Few injuries are accounted for in the local football league. There are a few twisted ankles, bruises and scrapes, and sore muscles, but nothing that would not be apt to happen in any game requiring swift movement on foot.

Football at the Bay, because it is played mostly in cold weather, is not a spectator sport. However, the competition is keen and the play clean. The participants enjoy it, even if the referees don't.

Committee

Elected



An overwhelming majority of the inmate population went to the polls on Friday, October 5, 1962 in one of the closest committee elections in the history of Collin's Bay.

In past years committee elections were held sometimes in the month of March. This year however, the date was moved forward because of the sudden void of elected representatives. Two members of the last committee transferred to correctional camps, and the third vacated the institution via expiration of sentence.

The fact that the inmates had no elected representative was brought to the attention of Deputy Warden U. Belanger during the last week of September. Mr. Belanger agreed that the situation should be remedied as soon as possible and, after consulting with Welfare Officer Hub Macey, set the election for October 5. The entire affair was then handed over to Mr. Macey, being his department.

On the Monday and Tuesday previous to the election, all candidates were invited to pre-record their campaign speeches and answer several lead questions. They were also invited to affix placards and posters to the walls at one end of the main corridor. This is all standard pre-election procedure.

The inmate population was issued with official ballot forms on Thursday evening. They were given until one o'clock the next day to vote. The ballot box was attended by Mr. Macey and Mr. Jim Edmunds.

At one o'clock on the election day, all candidates were paraded to the new auditorium to count the ballots. Each inmate was given a tally sheet prepared by Mr. Macey. Canon Minto Swan, Protestant Chaplain, called the names checked on the ballots as Mr. Macey pulled them from the ballot box. The final count was George Watson 118, Doug Izatt 116, George Dietsch 108, George Gouthro 104, Rolly Beauregarde 90, Jack DeForrest 87, Ted Hucker 82, Jerry Beatty 63, Benny Bannach 60, Norm Powers 58, Doug Marsdin 45, Joe McKeown 24, and Red Johnson 18.

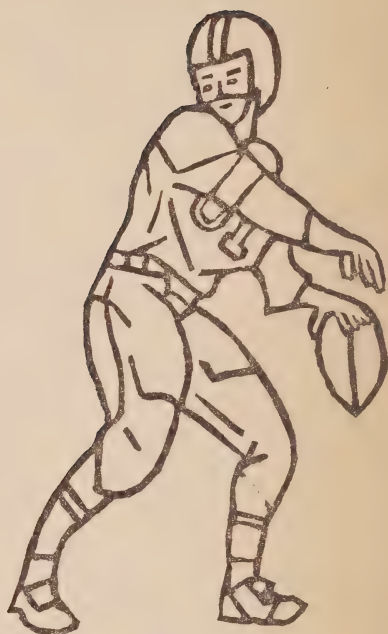
The committee for the forthcoming year is George Watson, Doug Izatt, and George Dietsch.

Accent on Football

BOMBERS

ALL THE

WAY



The Blue Bombers remained undefeated through the regular football schedule to capture the league championship with relative ease. Led by manager and quarterback George Preston, and by the league's Most Valuable Player and Best Backfielder Benny Bannach, the Bombers were extremely versatile offensively, playing heads-up ball throughout the entire season. The Bombers ran and passed the ball with reverses and the plays worked from them were the scourge of the league.

TEAM	P	W	L	T	Pts
Blue Bombers	9	9	0	0	18
Tiger-Cats	9	5	3	1	11
Alouettes	9	2	6	1	5

Supporting the Bombers in the offensive backfield were such stalwart players as Ted Hucker who won the scoring race with 56 points, James 'Red' McDermott, easily the best blocking backfielder in the league, and Bruce Pierce who blocked, ran and threw with equal ability.

On the ends, the Bombers had Pete Madden and Don Goddard. Felix Menard and Riddle Richardson alternated with the latter on occasion.

On the line, the Bombers played John McBain, the league's outstanding lineman of the year, at left tackle, Duke King at left guard, Ron McLean at centre, Jack Young at right guard, and "Ben Casey" Sherwood at right tackle.

The second place Tiger Cats, managed by Doug Marsdin, were close to the Bombers until the stretch drive when they seemed to lose some of their spirit. The Cats were in possession of an excellent running attack, but rarely used it to their advantage. With Jimmy Armour and Doug Marsdin, two of the league's finest running backs, the Cats seemed determined to attempt to play a passing game.

Cats had two excellent receivers in Fairbairn and Barry, but didn't have the passer to find the targets. Doug Pettet played very fine ball on both offense and defense, but it was essentially Jimmy Armour all the way for the Cats. Even though he was utilized as a blocker during most of the regular season, Armour still placed third in the scoring with 41 points. Marsdin

was an excellent running quarterback, but not quite accurate enough with throw or call. Rarely, if at all, did he play his blind side. He virtually neglected the pass on the option, but in spite of these shortcomings, Doug still played a better than average game and finished tied for fifth place in the scoring race.

The Alouettes, managed by Carlisle McDougall, seemed to lack the spirit for the game. They had a fine line and one excellent back, but no depth and no leader. Ernie Coates, as usual, played great football despite an early injury to his ankle which never really mended. Unfortunately Ernie wasn't enough to keep the Als from dying. They just didn't have it.

Linemen Taylor, McDougall, Hanrahan, and Russell played well in a losing cause and in late season the Als picked up Floyd Duquesne, Chuck McCarthy, and George Bedard. All this wasn't sufficient. Either that or it came too late.

TOP FIVE SCORERS

Hucker	Blue Bombers	56 points
Preston	Blue Bombers	42 points
Armour	Tiger-Cats	41 points
Bannach	Blue Bombers	35 points
Coates	Alouettes	19 points
Marsdin	Tiger-Cats	19 points

Awards

Voting for the various C.B. Football Awards took place on Saturday, October 20. The electors were the captains and managers from the league's three teams. Representing the Blue Bombers were manager George Preston and captain James McDermott. Representing the Tiger-Cats were manager Doug Marsdin and captain Jimmy Armour, and representing the Alouettes were manager Carlisle McDougall and captain Ernie Coates. The votes for the first choice received three points, second choice two, and third choice one, so that a player could receive a possible eighteen points.

Most Valuable Player was awarded Benny Bannach of the Blue Bombers. Benny polled 12 points. Tied for the runner-up spot with ten points apiece were George Preston of the Blue Bombers and Jimmy Armour of the Tiger-Cats.

Rookie of the Year was awarded to Norm Barry of the Tiger-Cats who polled 10 points. Steve Benning of the Blue Bombers and Skip Davidson of the Alouettes tied for the runner-up spot with eight points apiece.

Best Lineman of the year was awarded to John McBain of the Blue Bombers. John polled 17 out of a possible 18 points. Second in the voting was Dan Taylor of the Alouettes with 12 points and third was Hammer Hanrahan of the Alouettes with 4 points.

Best Backfielder of the Year was awarded to Benny Bannach of the Blue Bombers, who polled 15 points. Jimmy Armour polled 10 and Doug Marsdin polled 6. The latter two players both represented the Tiger-Cats.

Most Gentlemanly Player was awarded to Larry Fairbairn. The first voting ended in a tie between Fairbairn and Bannach. However, a second vote was taken and the award was given to Fairbairn. The runners-up were Benny Bannach and Bruce Pierce.

FIRST ALL-STAR TEAM

Position	Player	Team
Centre	Dan Taylor	Alouettes
Right Guard	Doug Martin	Alouettes
Left Guard	Hammer Hanrahan	Alouettes
Right Tackle	Carlisle McDougall	Alouettes
Left Tackle	John McBain	Blue Bombers
Right End	Larry Fairbairn	Tiger-Cats
Left End	Pete Madden	Blue Bombers
Flanker	Ted Hucker	Blue Bombers
Left Half	Jimmy Armour	Tiger-Cats
Right Half	Benny Bannach	Blue Bombers
Fullback	James McDermott	Blue Bombers
Quarterback	George Preston	Blue Bombers

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is a favourite with me. I have three brothers and they all read and enjoy it. Jokes, fiction, and stories about the prison are what I like best. My oldest brother likes the Profile. Only a few months back we were very much impressed by the story "A Day In The Life Of An Inmate". All these things are very interesting to most of us who have never been inside a prison.

The articles by Lex Schrag and Michael Kelly are very good. I see that they are from outside the prison. Were they by any chance once inmates? At any rate, I think you are all doing a fine job. Money for a renewal is enclosed.

Good luck and Best Wishes,
Alicia Reynolds.

Editor's Note: Neither Mr. Kelly nor Mr. Schrag have ever been penitentiary inmates ... as yet.

Dear Editor:

The Diamond is a very fine magazine with lots of meaning. Perhaps more than you realize. I have learned a lot from reading the Diamond and I hope that a lot of other people have too.

It is about time for me to bring my subscription up to date, so here is two dollars for that purpose.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) M.E. Jamieson

Dear Sirs:

The Diamond is tops. It opens up a whole new world. It is interesting, entertaining and informative.

Your covers are bluntly incongruous, the poems have feeling, and the articles are unique. My compliments to you all and my money order for \$5.00 for renewal. The change to be used on anything you see fit.

Sincerely,
David R. Wheeler

Editor's Note: Thanks for everything.

Dear Editor:

Referring to the article "Con-Think-ing" by Bob Leigh. It appeared in the last issue, #8/62. I think much of what was included in the article was true. However, I don't think that Leigh even attempted to show any consideration for inmates and their problems. He was very critical of the inmates. The article oozed conceit.

I don't want you to think I'm trying to be nasty or condemn either your magazine or your writers, but I do think that Leigh should have taken some pain to show both sides of the inmate. He should have tried to explain the different educations and personalities, and the different stresses and strains that the different inmates are exposed to.

In closing I would like to admit that I thought it was a good article in a way. It only showed the bad side of the inmate. It didn't show various arguments the inmate might make. It didn't offer any explanations. It wasn't completely true. I don't think a person should necessarily be condemned because of his personality, especially in a penitentiary. Nor should he be condemned for his preference of television programs. How you could print this I don't know.

An Inmate

Editor's Note: *I do not always agree with every word that appears in the Diamond. "Con-Thinking" was opinionated. It did, as you mentioned, condemn. However, it was not meant so much to condemn the inmate, but to condemn "the thinking and attitudes*

that was forwarded by inmates in the compiling of the outdated prison code" Everyone's entitled to his opinion and if it's logical, shows imagination, thought, or ambition it may be expressed in the Diamond. After all that's what the Diamond is here for: "to express inmate views on pertinent topics."

Dear Editor:

Your book is very good. I look forward to it every month. Poems, Profile and fiction are my favourites.

Enclosed is a cheque for \$1.00 for renewal.

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) Emily Black

The Editor:

Summer Greetings from Corinth. You have very good articles.

Mrs. A. Duff

Editor's Note: *The above greeting was attached to a postcard. It is approximately the tenth card we have received from Mrs. Duff in the past year and a half. Every holiday Mrs. Duff kindly forwards words of encouragement to the Diamond. It's a rare pleasure to know and be known by Mrs. Duff. Thank you Mrs. Duff.*

Dear Editor:

The Diamond is a very wonderful publication and I should think you must be very proud of it. Always remember that you are doing a good thing and your living will go much easier. I think you will know what I mean.

Nadine Yaremovitch